Verse of Today and Yesterday

Abigail Fletcher Taylor

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VERSE OF TODAY
AND
YESTERDAY

BY

ABIGAIL FLETCHER TAYLOR

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"Though I forgave, would any man forget?"

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON,
"The Wife of Flanders."

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VERSE OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY

My thanks are due to the Editors of the *Springfield Republican*, *The Boston Transcript* and the *Christian Register* for their courtesy in permitting the publication of certain poems in this volume.

Verse of Today and Yesterday

VERSE SUPPLIANT

Give me a backbone
And feet.
Give me wings
And a soul;
For I would stand erect
Like man;
And I would fly
Like a bird
Far sunward,—
Even Godward
Like an angel.
Give me a heart
On fire;
For I would love
Like man
And God.

EASTWARD

The Mountain Brook

Gleaming white body,
Crisp gold hair,
Faun-eyed and shy the girl slips into the water
To bathe and play.
Pebbled floor and rosy toes unite
In the shallow basin.
Minnows and scared trout hide,
Safe in a deep, quiet pool.

Splash and flash the bare limbs,
Their rapid motion cutting unnumbered circles.
The red and emerald leaves are dropping,
And they make cushioned spots upon the hard stones
For feet wading with no care at all
Beyond the tingling joy unspent
In a forest where water runs.

Laugh, Brook!
Bubble and gurgle below and above her;

In flow and out flow from far-off high fountains
To keep her young body sweeter than dew
And fragrance of roses at morning;
Flow, flow, Brook! In the sunlit shadows,
Flow with your luring murmur,
And call the maiden.

Girl sings:

"On and on runs the brook;
Softly stroking the banks;
With a twist,
And a turn,
Singing loud,
With an entreating urging beckoning sound,
Past the boulder it bounds;
My swift feet
Follow it,
And we run
Far away;
Through the woods we go swirling,
Dark trees o'er us bending.
Leap, leap the cascade,
Steep and steeper the slope;
Down we dash,
On we glide,
With a song mad and glad;

On, on, my brook, haste,
To find the East."
And the clear brook winds its eager way
Dancing, laughing in sunflecked shade.

Girl sings:
"Glide, brook,
Shine, brook,
Curve and wind,
Brook of life,
Wildly run,
Gayly seek,
Joy and the East.
Haste, brook, haste,
Noiseless more noiseless,
Slip, slide,
Without rest,
And like a snake,
Steal on fearless
In thy brightness.
Sigh,
Sigh,
Murmur and murmur
Again and again,
Like the sobbing of rain drops,
And the singing of pines,

Forever more swift.
Straight ahead where the cataract falls,
I cling now close to you
To touch and to have you;
Speak in whispers your heart's love tale.
Hold me, hold, all my body enfold."

The brook hurries on to reach the meadow land
Purple with asters in the mist of its grasses.
The free and sunny spaces open wide
And the tranquil brook reflects skies blue as gentians
Through the long slumbrous hours;
The fringed blossoms hold cups for dew,
And the snowy ladies' tresses softly shimmer.
The brook flows in silence,
And laves the rootlets of innumerable ferns.
A lonely willow finds a mirror
In the unruffled surface,
And a voiceless bird on a swaying bough
Rustles the silvery leaves while preening his red breast.
Stars! Night! A stream comes now to join the mountain brook,
And the two as one cut their way towards a river of commerce.
Girl sings:
"Brook, brook,

Rush along,
Louder be your song,
Brook.
Sharp is the curving,
Speed now! Speed!
Loud!
Make the sound
Like a wolf howling.
Dash on, far on;
Thrust like a sword through the granite's thick wall,
Break like hot dynamite the rock,
Cleave us a road that leads straight to the East.
Rush along, brook, till we find the dawn.

Swift we go, still we go, glad we go,
Brook.
On with the clouds we are racing now.
Soon, dear brook, we shall reach the place
Where the great river sweeps down to the sea.
Forward and forward!
I hear the wind wailing;
Hold me,
Fold me,
Together we ride;
Rumble of thunder, lightning's blind flash.
Roar upon roar,

Crash!
Crash!"

Groan! Moan! shriek of tempest!
And the brook and girl merge in the broad river.
White and black are the waves in the storm,
Foaming rage.
Close they entwine in the darkness,
Fiercely they cry out their passion,
And tremble under the mad surge.

"Do not leave me, brook mine," calls the girl,
Feeling herself drawn by a strange force.
"Parting, parting, we are severed," moans the girl
As her soft arms lose their hold of the brook
An iron hand seizes the girl's body;
A rifle shot pierces and splits the current,—
Down and down dives the mountain brook
After the moonwhite girl.

Steadily moves the stream,
His course ever seaward;
And he carries the song of the brook:
"Mountain! Ocean!"
And the dreamful girl is listening;

And the depths of the river now are echoing the brook's
song:
"The Mountain! The Ocean!"
Afar is booming of war guns' anger,
Tramping, tramping of soldiers marching East
Near the river banks;
East, west are meeting beyond the morning star.
And the brook helps the river fill,
Filling the sea,
Which, with vast throbbing, utters the world's
Love and hate.

A CRIPPLED SOUL

Dust in my garret, thick as at the dawn;
No place where I can rest my burning head.
I might lie down upon that old green couch
And be a child again at Willow Farm;
I will curl up as though my dog and I
Were dozing in the cool deep meadow grass.
God! It's no use, no use. I'll seek the roof.
The night hawk broods upon the pebbled floor;
But she has mate or young for company,
And she has wings that soar and touch the sky.
Alone am I, and bound, a crippled soul.
All day I turn the wheel that grinds my life;
No will or strength, no love or hope is mine.
O, I am tired,— and these stones are soft,
Softer than down. They ease my body's ache.
How calm and solemn are those far off stars!
I soon shall fall asleep, it is so still.
Good night. Ha! ha! To whom say I good night?
Mother's long dead. My lover went to war.
There came no news except of wounds and blood:

The shot that killed him crushed me. I must sleep.
Good night.— His lips press mine — Christ, let me
dream!

"IN A SUMMER GARDEN"

On hearing Frederic Delius' Music

Come down to the garden gate;
The star flower is aflame
Near the stone steps by the arch
I planned before Death came.
Ah! The white moth has a mate.
Is it June tonight or March?

Bend to the violet bed;
Gather a few for me;
O what a fragrance sweet,
As old as Eternity!
Look at the lily so red.
Can April and August meet?

Haste to the iris plot;
I hear the water play;
How their bed is long and deep!
Cut me three to take away

To the place where they are not.
Do these blossoms need to sleep?

Those bright peonies are mine,
Splendid and luxuriant,
Late transplanted from the knoll
Where the soil was poor and scant.
Can a flower droop and pine
Like an ill-environed soul?

Let us climb the grassy slope
To the border near the wall.
Maidenhair and mignonette,
Hollyhocks and larkspurs tall,—
Am I blind that thus I grope
After blooms I can't forget?

How the sassafras has grown,
Cornels and viburnums, too!
But the little balsam tree
That I cherished, where are you?
I can hear the spruces moan;
Sing they not old songs to me?

Hear the bluebird on the wire.
See the robin on her nest.

Hark! The pines are whispering;
I must steal away to rest;
I have had my heart's desire,
Finding Summer, you, and Spring.

When they say it was a dream,
This glad visit of the dead,
Fill their arms with love's own flowers;
Give them roses white and red;
Then my garden still will seem
As it was in bygone hours.

A CAVALIER POET

His eyes are the stars,
His voice is the wind,
His words are the rivers and sea,
His mind is the mountain
Whence strong streams surge,—
His heart is both God and Man.

Of trumpet and drum,
Of women and wine,
Of meeting and parting and death,
Of kisses that burn,
Of sword-flame and blood,
Of heaven and hell he sings.

Stern duty that calls,
Fair honor most dear,
Glad fealty, service, respect,
Deep faith in the law,
And obedience
The cavalier poet sings.

IN PANAMA

The ocean pounding on the Isthmian coast,
The wind in fury lashing the wild host
Of waters loosely bridled by the tide,
Are not as potent as the thoughts that ride,
Star led upon a less tumultuous sea,
Whose steady breeze laughs at futility.
A spark within the human brain will light
A fire, relit on every mountain height,
To call the dweller from the dust and clod
And show him his inheritance from God.
Balboa flashed his bright signal long ago;
He had the seeing eye, the mind to know
That miracles may be the deathless deeds
Which grow in well-tilled ground from healthy seeds.
The silent captain, standing on a peak
In Darien, bids man forever seek,
Forever find and prove the strange and new;
He bids him rise ere yet the morning dew
Is jewelled by the sun; he bids him start,
Trusting in God, the compass and the chart

To sail upon an unfamiliar way,
Remote, mysterious as judgment-day.
  From Doria's city to the Spanish Main
Men learned that gain is loss and loss is gain.
Their heroes turned not at the fatal snag
Of Panama; but singing climbed the crag,
And stood there baffled, mute with dread and awe
Before the waste of waters which they saw.
Fain would they find a pathway for their ships
To touch that ocean where the moonlight dips
In higher flood than on the sunrise coast;
Alas, of fruitful quest no soul could boast.
From stubborn fact sprang not despair but hope
That some sure time would come when men might cope
With the resistance, elemental, strong,
And reach the West for which the East doth long.
  France with her genius and initiative
Made the dream pregnant, shaping acts that live,
Sending convulsion, dynamic, masterful
As the hot breath of some colossal bull.
Such is the tempest when with passion spent,
It leaves the forest fallen, torn and rent;
Such was the desolation that held sway
Through torpid years that seemed an endless day.
  Out of the silence there reverberates
The rending blast of the United States.

Mountains and hills, abysmal caves unseal,
And sluggish streams a torrent strength reveal;
The ancient rivers on the Great Divide
Alter their course, and flow the other side;
Uplands and plains beneath a lake are lost,
Whose waves no nation's ship has ever crossed.
  Racked by awakened throes the Isthmus groaned
The message of her travail, far intoned;—
As when Alcemene to Hercules gave birth,
It echoed to the confines of the earth.
Destruction with sane purpose re-creates;
Lo, the Canal with wonder watergates!
  The mighty Four whose names ring near and far,
Goethals and Gorgas, Sibert and Gaillard,—
Soldiers of science, fearless, keen and wise,
Have won like gods the fame that never dies.
Gaillard and the Culebra Cut shall be
Carved as one name in sacred memory.
  Fulfilled is the desire of all the world;
Two severed oceans with their sails unfurled
Are joined together like a bride and groom,
Wed with the precious beryl,— pledging room
For such prosperity and happiness,
That Universal Peace the bond may bless.

MY ROADS

Autumn

My roads have rugs of Persian hues,
Moist with the rain and mists and dews,
Soft to the foot of man and beast,
Sweet as the spices of the East.

I tramp for miles on such a floor,
With magic growing more and more,
Until the old familiar ways
Are lost in Orient displays.

Through vestibule and stately hall,
I walk up aisles processional,
With carpets spread, with banners hung,
And jewelled censers lightly swung.

A priestly hand invisible,
Pours from a hidden crucible
A glowing drop that richly dyes
The altar piece before my eyes.

With upturned face or bended head,
I read the oracles in gold and red;
With bated breath I linger there,—
A Pan, a nymph, a soul at prayer.

Pagan or Christian, child or faun,
Who finds this temple, finds the dawn
Of miracles, that change the earth
To a possession of new worth.

SHE HAD NEITHER BORNE NOR LOST

Rudyard Kipling's "They"

A father's muffled cry,— a mother-call,
The yearning vanished Children often hear;
They come and play — her love note is so clear —
Beneath her yews and in her dusky hall.

They wave and smile, but speak no word at all;
They brush against her dress — they are so near,
"Children, where are you, Children, Children dear?"
Though blind, she watches for each swift footfall.

He dimly sees them,— and as oft of old,
With toys he tries to lure them from the Wood.
She, groping, leads him to his heart's desire:

A little Child's soft hands his hand unfold;
A kiss, that makes all life again seem good,
Is dropt into his palm there by her fire.

THE COLORS AT CHOCORUA

Vast armies are assembling in the hills;
The great procession moves and makes no sound.
In solemn splendor, bearing banners bright
Of red and gold, they climb the mountain peaks.
They signal to the valley guardians
That stand arrayed in warp of fire and flame.
From Ossipee to Passaconaway,
From Whiteface, Paugus and Chocorua
The message flies, "Let death be glorious."
The silent hosts invade the forest depths
Of pine and fir and spruce. They conquer gloom.
And watchers, drunk with Autumn's sparkling wine,
Follow the wind who seeks his own mad way;
They shout and dance together. But not yet
Shall they behold the ceremonial
Of bravely falling leaves. Swift challengers,
The colors day and night laugh at the storm,
Defying his wild passion and his strength;
And all is now warmth, joy and wonderment.

RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT KAKORTOK

On reading John Fiske's Pre-Columbian Voyages

Drear, solemn silence haunts your solitude;
Shadows encompass you from sky and wood:
The ancient moon walks up your nave o'nights,
Seeking the half remembered altar lights;
And when the roving winds have found the place,
She hears old Eric's voice; she sees his face;
A censer swings, the Credo wakes again,
And long forgotten lips murmur, "Amen."

THE GUIDE POST

I stand where three roads meet to mark the way
Through all the shifting scenes of night and day.

A steadfast sentinel my place I keep,
A watchman that doth neither tire nor sleep.

From every land of every tongue and creed
Are they who call upon me in their need.

With horse or mule or chariot of fire,
Or winged wheel, they tell me their desire.

There are familiar steps whose softest sound
Makes known both whence and whither they are bound.

The careless children patter by to school,
The lovers linger by the dusky pool;

The solemn dead pass on and ask no sign,
The bride's fond eyes for only one will shine.

O hearken! always ye who may, and hear;
Foot-weary ones, take courage and have cheer;

My roads go north and south and east and west,
Until they end in home and peace and rest.

LEO XIII

At Carpineto 'mid the Alban Hills,
Long years ago a little child was born,
Upon whose brow was set the seal of God.
Daily he grew and waxed in grace of soul,
His youthful spirit animate with zeal,
And his ripe manhood nerved with high resolve
To render service to the mother Church:
Himself he consecrated to her need.
Deep, strong and calm the current of his will
Ever resistless ran — a mighty force;
And one bright day Saint Peter's dome looked down
Upon a worthy ruler, one who knew
The summits where are light and Deity,
The depths where, always, love and mercy watch,
The breadths of space where law and justice wait.
Serene and kingly from his sacred throne
Into far life he issued God's commands,
And smiled upon his quiet garden flowers,
And blessed all Christendom with holy hand.
As when late shadows dim the mountain-top

The sunset gone, so now death hides his face;
Inviolable yet forever stands
The impress of his lofty loveliness.

THE BLUEBIRD

Out of a spark from the sky and sun
  Is fashioned a bird for spring's delight;
To hail his coming her footsteps run,
  The hills grow eager and warm and bright.

First a low ecstatic voice is heard,
  Then a flash of heaven is seen to pass;
The brooks are conscious, the woods are stirred,
  An emerald nectar thrills the grass.

At the mellow, whistling call unfold
  The poplar buds, and the willows laugh;
From their hidden haunts steam cups that hold
  The juice which the watchful bee will quaff.

This azure herald of things most fair,
  Of blossom and fragrance, love and song,
Brings annual answer to the prayer
  For a miracle full-wrought and strong.

MONESES UNIFLORA

A second springtime comes to cheer the woods,
While Autumn sadly sheds her ripened leaves
To deck the forest trails with orient hues.
A second Maytime greets the wanderer
Whose rustling steps startle the hidden bird
That lingers songless in its northern haunts,
Awaiting urgent summons from the south.
Where maples and fir balsams interweave.
Where beechen boughs and hemlock branches meet,
Like sun and shadow, evening glow and night,
October shows one small and lovely flower,
Whose sisters blossomed in the long ago
Of violets. Like a late morning star
Its smile surprises and enchants the day;
And Summer's death and mourning are forgot
In the fresh sweetness of the lone Delight,
That joins October's brave recessional.

OGUNQUIT

A long blue reach of the open sea,
  With never a sail to left or right,
Brown rocks below yawn lazily,
  Green waves uncurl in a flash of white,
A tuneful bird on a pointed tree; —
  O day of joy by the open sea!

The giant sphinx when the sun hangs low
  Awakes and stares with her ancient eyes;
The silent signal the crags all know;
  Alert and eager they seem to rise,
Stretching their limbs in a mighty row,
  Guarding the coast when the sun hangs low.

By ebb or flow and by sun or cloud
  There are secret things revealed each hour;
The rocks and the waves speak low and loud
  Of beauty beyond all finite power.
And the artist paints, but his heart is bowed
  While he worships God in sun or cloud.

TRACKS

When Sappho pressed her rosy lip
  In search of some unuttered thought,
Her stylus the creation caught
  And down the ages let it slip.

When Homer closed his eyes and saw
  Light clearer than we moderns ken,
A stylus made it shine again
  For those in quest of beauty's law.

Old Greek and Roman, Persian, too,
  Have lived and sung and gone away;
And there are left their tracks today
  For me to walk in, and for you.

From Beowulf to the latest note
  Of soldier poets of the hour,
Are starry trails, with many a flower,
  To luring heights whereon they wrote.

AN AUTUMN MOTOR SONG

This is the wine of the joys that die.
  See how it sparkles in wood and field:
Come, let us drink, as away we fly,
  The blood-red juice by the dawn unsealed.

Look, how the mountain, meadow and stream
  Flame with the nectar for which we thirst!
Over the distance as in a dream
  To reach this glory we are the first.

Sumach and maple, creeper and thorn
  Burn with the fires that touch our lips;
Fearless, we quaff in the hasting morn,
  Glad as the earth when it sunheat sips.

Happy as love on the golden way
  Flies our swift steed like bird of the air;
Ah, let us drink ere we lose today
  The glowing philter that drowns all care.

PUSSY WILLOWS

Little nuns, devout and meek,
Tell me, is it holy week?
Have you taken vows today?
Is your order called "The Gray?"
Do you tell your hidden beads
And reflect on martyrs' deeds?
Can you learn without a plaint
What it means to be a saint?
Tell me, nuns, or I shall grieve; —
Vowed to silence, I believe!

PERABO

They said that God and the wind
Had died;
That stars and rushing streams,
Sea, moon and driven cloud,
Fragrance and color, love and harmony
Had died.
But when I saw the fire in his eyes,
And watched his flashing fingers on the keys,
And listened to Beethoven,— then I knew
They lied.

RESURRECTION TIDE

If once the sap that fills the veins of spring
  Could strongly surge within the human heart,
  And let it grow a palpitating part
  Of nature's animated sway and swing,
Then what undreamed of notes might not man sing!
  Even as rivers, hidden at their start
  Far in the silent mountains, leap and dart
  And their earth barriers asunder fling,
That they may feel the inflow of the sea,
  So would man burst his fetters and rejoice
  To be absorbed in this on rushing tide
Of vernal happiness and mystery;
How from the soul would swell a spirit voice
  Of resurrection, reaching far and wide!

SIESTA

Amid the long, cool, quivering grass to dream
  With limbs outstretched, to feel the earth and sky
  Tingle through every pore, as haply I
With half-closed lids, make timorous leaflets seem
  To touch the shining clouds. Here's joy,— to deem
  Myself a spirit that may swiftly fly
  Across Monadnock, which though far and high,
Lets meadow flowers on its summit gleam.

Intenser than the spring note of the thrush,
  As sweet as is the voice of one I love,
  More strong and pure than breezes from the west
Is the enchantment of this noonday hush,
  When nature takes me, as the gentle dove
  Her helpless young, and holds me to her breast.

EASTER

It comes as comes the sunshine after rain,
  It comes as comes the smile after the tear,
  It comes like sweetest hope dispelling fear,
It comes victorious to crown the pain
Of Calvary! The tomb where He has lain
  Is open wide,— and all the world shall hear,
  As Mary heard, his footsteps drawing near,
And all the world shall know her joy again.

Responsive Nature rich in happiness
  Unfolds her leaves, and offers many a flower,
  While birds pour forth her Alleluia song.
The surging city offers praise no less
  Where human voices swell with heavenly power
  In hymns that make the Easter vision strong.

SNOW CALM

Now, when I feel the soft touch of the snow
  Upon my face, I think, "Her grave shall be
  Soon changed from green to white thus tenderly.
As if the star-winged spirits flying low
Must need wait there because they love her so,
  Choosing to tarry when the March winds flee,
  That they may keep her friendly company
Until her violets begin to grow
Close by the granite cross." Oh far away
  And lonely is the place; but love has eyes,
  Tear-dimmed, 'tis true,— they see the holy calm
That dovelike broods by patient night and day,
  In sun or cloud, where peacefully she lies
At rest in God, sheltered from every harm.

SEQUESTERED

I count as gold these days among your hills,
  The hours beneath your friendly, singing pine
  More precious are than old Falernian wine;
The keen on-rushing of the hidden rills
Makes one forget the gods' slow-grinding mills;
  The hermit thrush, the wind in tree and vine,
  The grass and sky are spirits all benign.
With naught but love and bounty in their wills.

If all of life were only joy like this
  No heavier care than resting silently
  Where music, fragrance, undulating grace
Tend to create a spot of perfect bliss,
Then would I choose long years and years to be
  Happy as now in this sequestered place.

MONADNOCK FROM PETERBOROUGH

What eager thought on boldest wing may dare,
Though heaven-sped, to soar close up to thee
  And search thy altar's ancient mystery,
Thou Mount Monadnock, loved by valleys fair!
Faithful thou watchest with protecting care
  O'er distances no human eye can see;
  And hushed by thy divine tranquillity,
Thy worshippers are kneeling everywhere.

Nature, alone, with dew and mist and rain,
  May touch in tenderness thy sombre face;
  To her thou whisperest what I would know;
Her soft caressing has not been in vain;
  Yet, from thy hoary strength and rugged grace,
  Fall silent blessings on my path below.

DEATH DANCE OF THE LEAVES

Beyond the little bridge that spans the brook,
  A solitary wanderer halts today,
  To hear the wood-wind's ghostly fingers play
Upon the oak trees — Hark! their branches shook
But then, like rustling phantoms, and their look
  Now fierce and wild, grows strangely weird and gay,
  As from the clouds the sunlight's pallid ray
Pierces the gloom that joy long since forsook.

Oh, piteous is this shivering dance of death!
  Their sere and frozen leaves rattle like dice,
  As to the parent bough with frenzied cry
They clutch,— and fall with one long gasping breath
  Then where the brook chants low beneath the ice,
  Hushed they await a snow shroud from on high.

ZOÉ QUEILAT

At Mentone, France

A name has haunted me since one bright day
When up steep olive slopes I found my way
To where dark cypresses a hilltop crown,
A sacred grove, remote above the town,
Where under dusky boughs the name I read:
Zoé Queilat — that was all it said,
The little marble slab with letters deep,
To tell of one who lay in dreamless sleep
'Neath clinging grass and tender Christmas flowers.
Her wingéd soul apart in heavenly bowers
Might earn forgiveness and divinest grace,
If ever hovering o'er this hallowed place,
And gazing on this mound with angel eyes,
It thought so far a spot were Paradise.

A LOCUST TREE

At The Intervale, New Hampshire

A quivering locust tree against the sky,
Shading the windows of a starry tower,
Makes a sweet sound at day's awakening hour,—
Soft as a mother's drowsy lullaby
To sleeping child. With wonder eyes I lie
Watching the bough of green and fernlike flower,
That swings a hidden nest in a green bower,
Where now a bird utters the morning cry.

A gentle grace is thine, O locust tree;
Dew bathed, sun kissed is every pendant spray.
The rosy mountains smile at thy caress;
And little feathered folk find joy in thee,
Singing their gladness through the summer day,
To thank thee, and the heart of man to bless.

TO THE KENNEBEC

Broad-sweeping, beautiful, majestic stream,
Adown thy sunset path as in a dream,
By autumn-tinted banks I sail with thee
Until the stars come out above the sea.
Nor haste, nor hurry dost thou, river, show,
But calm, sedate and regal is thy flow;
On past thy golden realms of western sky
We go to where thy dusky islands lie.
Past these to floating worlds of green and red;
Then night drops down; the moon is overhead;
And thou, exultant, joyous, full of glee,
Givest thyself, O river, to the sea,
Which, vast, approaching with triumphant sweep,
Absorbs thy glory in a boundless deep.

JOHN MUIR

Alone with God he climbed the yearning height,
  Above Yosemite's entowered vale,
  Where calm Sierra's snow-wrought banners sail
Close heavenward in streams of fleecy light;
'Mid sheltering trees he watched the winged flight
  And hissing tumult of the maddened gale,
  As, fierce, against the adamantine mail
It vainly battered with uproarious might.

And we afar in lowly plains have caught
  The wild on-rushing of his mountain storms;
  Have swung and swayed in many a giant pine;
With him the quiet glacier fields have sought;
  Have found his flowers of matchless hues and forms,—
  And heard him speak with Nature's voice divine.

HER FOXGLOVES

M. E. G.

All white and purple in a stately throng,
  Her foxgloves listen from their dim retreat
  For the soft coming of her wingéd feet;
No note of happy bird whose tender song
Makes glad the summer air the morning long,
  Is to these queenly flowers half as sweet
  As her low voice and love-touch when they meet;
For they with her have kinship close and strong.

She is their sun and shine through days of cloud,
  In times of burning heat she gives them rain,
  The hard earth softens 'neath her magic hand,
She gently lifts the heads that storms have bowed;
When humanlike they suffer grief or pain,
  She seeks them, and her ways they understand.

IN A WESTERN CORNFIELD

Amid the rustling corn I stand alone,
Where with bowed head I listen and I heed
The voice of him who talketh to the seed;
In awe I hear him, the mysterious one,
The re-creator more than rain or sun;
I feel the breath of him who knows all need,
Whose secret thought is more than man's best deed,—
Vain man, who calls the ripening his own.

From spring's first note until the harvest hour
The golden kernel throbs with hidden strength,
Inheriting the great fertility
Of him who gives to it both life and power:
In this vast field I learn the breadth and length
Of God's compassionate sufficiency.

QUATRAINS

Spring of Love Notes

I

A song of love within the maple tree,
And I below dreaming alone of thee;
Responsively a bird sings far away,
As thou afar with love dost answer me.

II

This hour I learn no distance is so wide
It can two longing, loving hearts divide,
That often in our dreams more close we come
Than when in rapture we are side by side.

III

The buds and birds are wiser far than men;
They always know and feel the moment when
The spring of love is warm in April's heart;
They are the first to hear her steps again.

IV

If God through countless ages bears with wrong,
It is because he always hears the song
That love would sing in every human heart;
O learn from Him his patience and be strong.

BOOK PLATES

I

Within ye covers of ye chosen book
Let questing eyes with joy and profit look.
O may ye thoughts enshrined be burning lamps,
Such as ye wise ones to ye marriage took.

II

Inheritors are we, my books and I,
Of thoughts ancestral that can never die,—
Far voyagers, what homes and laws we make
Because of honored ones who silent lie!

III

Come, we will have a quiet hour,
Thou friendly seeker after light;
I wait for thee and ask for power
To make thy earthway pure and bright.

THOU HARPER

Villanelle

Thou harper to the old and young,
O friend of mine! Thy words are fire,—
May they not burn thy fearless tongue?

Of thee the East and West have sung,—
Their notes have filled thy soul with ire,
Thou harper to the old and young.

At times thy chittarones have hung
With broken strings in penance dire,—
May they not burn thy fearless tongue?

The prison bells have often rung
To call thee from the dust and mire,
Thou harper to the old and young.

To thy soiled banner thou hast clung
Defying English dame and squire,—
May they not burn thy fearless tongue?

Alas, from thee hot words were flung,—
They now rebound and break thy lyre,
Thou harper to the old and young,
May they not burn thy fearless tongue?

TRIOLETS

Love's Whisper

If I speak soft and low,
  Will it reach your heart, dear?
Surely now none will know
  If I speak soft and low;
Bending down,— even so
  Till my lips touch your ear;
If I speak soft and low
  Will it reach your heart, dear?

Christmas

It is the holy night
  With snow and shining star.
What makes the earth so bright?
  It is the holy night,
All pure with love and light,
  That eyes may see afar;
It is the holy night
  With snow and shining star.

An Easter Song

O Easter lilies white!
  Pure for the Christ you shine;
Earth's other lilies bright —
  O Easter lilies white!

Have not your holy light;
  They are not so divine.
O Easter lilies white,
  Pure for the Christ you shine.

PETRARCH'S

In Morte di M. Laura

Levommi il mio pensier in parte ov'era

My thought uplifted me to regions where
I found her whom no earthly quest has shown,
'Mid souls enthralled within the lovers' zone,
More fair than when below and less austere.
She took my hand and said: "Behold me here
Where thou shouldst be if wish received its crown:
'Twas I who wrung from thee such bitter moan,
Whose day was done ere evening did appear.
My bliss no mortal mind may understand:
I only lack thee and what once did please
Thee so, my lovely veil, to earth now given:"
Why ceased she speaking, why withdrew her hand?
So fervent was the sound of words like these
That I had almost staid with her in heaven.

PERSICOS ODI

Translated in the metre of Horace

Zealous boy, I hate Persian pomp and glitter;
odious are crowns wrought of rarest flowers;
cease to haunt the meads seeking hidden places where
the rose lingers.

Simple myrtle wreaths not elaborated
please my fancy most; nor for thee my servant
are such wreaths unfit neither for me drinking under
the grape vine.

ASCOLTA RONDININA

Tuscan Folk Song

O Swallow dear, flying close to the sea,
Stay just a moment and listen to me.
Lend me one of your feathers bright;
For I have a letter of love to write.
And when it is written fair and clear,
Thy quill I'll return, O Swallow dear.
And when it is written and sealed full well,
Then, O Swallow, my thanks I'll tell,
And when it is written in words of light,
I'll return thy feather and watch thy flight.

LONGFELLOW

New England holds thee treasured in her heart;
She is the radiant one that nourished thee,
The mother, guide and friend through changeful years
Who taught thee first thy melodies to sing:
Her wind-swayed pines, her deeply surging seas
Attuned thy listening soul to lofty strains,
Her orchard blooms and all her sweets of May
Gave of their charm to thy responsive mind.
From silent upland pastures white with snow,
From mountains reaching close to sun and stars,
From noble rivers on their tranquil course,
From city mart, from hearth and school and shrine,
Clear visions came to thee of human good,
Of a perfection free as love and light.
At noon thy music heaven-inspired rolled,
Far lands encircling in its mystic bounds;
By Thames and Arno and where Como smiles,
Beside the fiords of Scandinavia,
Thy lyric notes are sung by young and old.
No parting day but has a thought of thee,

No morning but some voice echoes thy song.
Thy universal message knows no race; —
And while we claim thee, other skies are bright,
And vocal with thy deathless harmonies.

PSYCHE THUS ALONE

Imitation of Horace

Psyche, thus alone, on my mantel standing,
thou wouldst ever be, but thy shadow coming
whispers Attic words which thou comprehendest,
burning and tender.

When Apollo's ray warms thy lovely shoulder,
thou dost surely smile, and I gaze in wonder.
At this darksome hour thou like me art lonely lacking
the lovelight.

SUPPLICATION

In reverence we bow, Lord, before thee,
  Thou knowest each sorrow and care,
For help in our need we implore thee,
  Hear our prayer,— Hear our prayer.

We wandered from thee in our blindness,
  Yet, Lord, unto us thou art nigh,
O spirit of love and of kindness
  Hear our cry,— Hear our cry.

Contrite and in shame we entreat thee,
  Thou often hast pardoned before,
O make our hearts pure, Lord, to meet thee,
  We implore,— We implore.

DEAD IN MOROCCO

But yesterday here in the West I read
That far towards the East a king lay dead,—
Mulay ab-del Aziz of ancient stock;
Coldly I read without a pang or shock;
And yet in dreams I saw a princely band
With lamentations round his chamber stand;
Deep rhythmic voices mournful as the sea
Cried, "Allah! Allah!" in a minor key.
The irises and lilies were so sweet
That I grew faint; the musk and tropic heat
Made me forget the dead man and the woe
Of those whose hoary beards, like banks of snow,
Gleamed in the moonlight flooding all the room.
The ceaseless wailing at the changeless doom
Of him, the true believer, the just heir
Of the great Prophet, circling the close air,
Roused me to pity; and in flowing gown,
Like those who now were prostrate, I knelt down,
And wept and wailed and chanted with the rest
Until the sun began to tinge the west.

Then, when the women came to cry alone,
I woke from my strange sleep with muffled moan,
And sadly smiled to think a sultan lay
Dead in Morocco drowsy leagues away.

THE STRIKE

The strike is a sentient thing,—
Not the thud of an axe or a club,
But the blow of a hungry throng,
Led on by an overfed mind.

The strike is a poisonous thing
That opens its mouth in the sun;
With venom and fang it glides,
And hisses — *Disloyalty.*

ALGERNON COOLIDGE

(January 4, 1912)

Thou traveller in many lands,
Thou voyager on many seas,
Thou stranger with the gift to please,
Thou comrade with the helping hands,
  All hail to thee, all hail, all hail!
  On shores to which thy ship doth sail.

Thou lover of the wayside flower,
Thou worshipper of joy and light,
Thou willing watcher through the night,
Thou Star found at the morning hour,
  All hail to thee, all hail, all hail!
  On shores to which thy ship doth sail.

ROSA URBANA

On reading Amy Lowell's "Winter's Turning"

There is a new rose
Of a great heart's desire;
Its petals unclose
When the skies are on fire.
'Neath stabbings of rain,
Every brick in the street,
From pity or pain,
Is a rose red and sweet.
The high lights are glad,—
Pink and orange and brown
Enliven the sad
In a wintery town.
Each brick is a bud,—
And the houses all bloom
To smother the thud
Of importunate gloom.

EDWARD MacDOWELL

Remembering pines are tremulous with dreams;
And choirs invisible delight the ear
With song and chant heard when the world was young,
Yet new today as then. Viol and harp
Intone the melodies from hidden shrine,
Where mystic words blended with tuneful lyre,
Calling to worship, roused the primal man.
'Mid upland ways such music wanders far
When voiced by him who caught the running breeze,
Who found and made his own each wild wood note,
Who held the rhythmic beauty of the rose,
And the swift laughter of the mountain stream,
The tears that glisten on the grassy slope,
The light of sun and stars and mellow moon
He re-created and sent forth again.
He built fair altars up the forest aisles;
Dead ashes on old hearths he fanned to flame.
Fragrance and color he made audible:
The speech of nature he interpreted.
Glad life and motion sang for him each hour;

No glowing noon, or dawn on rosy feet
Danced by to softest measures, but he heard
And lingered spellbound till they died away.
He loved the hush and pause of brooding night;
And at still even-time clear visions came
Unsought,— vast harmonies of sea and sky,
Paeans of sobbing passion, the divine
Outpouring of the eager heart's desire.
Such motives call and cry from grove and glade
Where he has left memorials of his joy.
Monadnock and the Peterborough hills
Have listened long to lyrics in the wind;
They know the instrument and player well; —
And these late tender strains re-echoing
Are sweeter to them than the breath of Pan;
And his last liquid note reaching the heights
Dies not, but throbs in their eternal hymn.

ILLUMINATION

One day she led me gently by the hand
  Into the sacred realm of Dante's page,
  Leaving our earth, our love, our youth and age
O'ershadowed by the poet's clear command,—
"Enter and in my very footprints stand."
  Trembling we followed him, and soon the sage
  Showed us the laws of Truth that justly gauge
The hearts of those who grope along life's strand.

Then as we tried to look upon the Sun
  Whose rays illume the farthest depth and height,
  Prostrate we fell before the Master there;
Moment supreme, when something strange was done
  To my dark soul;— now flooded with that Light
  Whose name is God, whose utterance is prayer.

BACCHYLIDES

In that far time so dear to nymphs and Pan
  A Grecian youth, Bacchylides by name,
  Blest of the gods, light-winged, from heaven came.
Sweet music followed where his footsteps ran;
Singing he lived and loved life's little span;
  And but for echoes, caught from bards of fame,
  Close-set with kindred verse in homely frame,
No note of his had come to modern man.

But lo! today from widowed Egypt's cruse
  Are poured the lyric drops of precious wine
  Of song, that full a thousand silent years
Have held in secret sealed. Euterpe, muse,
  Thou gav'st Bacchylides the gift divine,
  And we will quaff and laugh and shed our tears.

THE SONNET

New-born, divine, complete, from out the soul
  On slender, radiant wing the sonnet flies
  And soars with liquid song to upper skies,
Till it attains the rounded, rhythmic whole:
Where luminous the silvery clouds unroll,
  Serene the sacred star of Wordsworth lies;
  In splendor Dante and Petrarca rise
And shine with Tasso at the sonnet's goal.

Ethereal child, perfection's glorious heir,
The farthest height of Milton knows thy wing;
  Infinitude of sympathy is thine
With heavenly rapture, earthly woe and care;
In Shakespeare's beams thy love-notes clearly ring,
  And all thy flight is harmony divine.

DRIFTWOOD FLAME

Not Capri's cave of mystic greens and blues,
  Whither as to a shrine the sad waves flee,
  Nor Monte Rosa's glowing mystery
Of dawn and twilight with a myriad hues,
Nor Earth's pied flowers more graciously refuse
  Than thou, to utter what thy soul may be,
  O breathing spirit of the woods and sea,
Trembling with radiance of sun-touched dews.

The alchemy of joy and woe is thine;
  Sweet bird notes, breezes, throb of Mother Earth,
  Tumultuous raptures of the sea and sky,
Remembered agonies that give no sign,
  Confusion, pain and death, and swift re-birth
  Ascend in silence as thy embers die.

A GREEK DANCER

Radiant she comes on noiseless, twinkling feet,
  Like Atalanta when she swiftly ran.
  Across the Attic plain she follows Pan,
Lured by soft melodies divinely sweet.
Not early hastening Dawn has wings more fleet;
  No rhythmic dance of nymph or goddess can
  Excel in grace this happy child of man,
Shedding white light on perfect art's retreat.

O warm a northern clime with thy pure ray;
Dance thou on barren soil till it shall bloom:
  Gleam, lovely form, which woven mist would hide.
Rejoice, O Parthenon, that one today
Leads a fair daughter from her lofty tomb
  And gives her a life joy so long denied.

STAR LED

O little Master, straight I come to thee,
Led by the star of love this winter night.
Swiftly I cross the snow fields wide and white
To find the place where thou again shalt be;
For thou art there waiting in joy for me,
And all the path is flooded with the light
Which thou dost send to make the darkness bright,
That such as I the way of peace may see.
Somewhere I lost the little crown of gold;
No gem or bud or blossom have I now
To lay at thy dear feet, no offering
But love and stewardship,—gifts strangely old;
Yet thy soft hands reach forth to touch my brow,
While close beside me happy children sing.

THE TITANIC

The sea is mighty and his grasp is strong;
  His soundless sepulchers are dark and cold;
  In fierce embrace he grimly seeks to hold
The heroes and the martyrs of man's wrong.
But Light and Knowledge cannot tarry long;
  Deep in the darkness stronger arms enfold
  Those who by love and sacrifice made bold
Met the great struggle with triumphant song.
Souls matching the Divine in nobleness,
  Inheriting the godlike will to do,
  Unswerving at the test,— such perish not.
Appraised, approved, from direst human stress,
Hearing the summons that makes all things new,
  They rise with him to learn what heaven has wrought.

POSTPONEMENT

If you should come tonight, and I alone
  Should hear your step within the dusky hall,
  I should wait breathless till I heard you call,
And at the depth of passion in your tone
First I should stifle a wild, surging moan,
  Then laugh and gaily greet you,— that is all.
  With mirth and jest beneath fate's heavy pall
I should the happiest hour of life postpone.

If there should be no sound of your firm tread,
  If I should miss the love-note in your voice,
  And yet you came, and standing close by me
Should whisper, "To your love my love is dead,"
The birds might sing and all the woods rejoice,
  But O my life would be a cold, dark sea.

THE CLASPED HANDS IN BRONZE

Of Robert and Elizabeth Browning

Her hand at home in his rests peacefully,
The frail and delicate within the strong;
Their tender hold summer and winter long
Is kept by plastic arts' soft alchemy,
Transposed in bronze. Each line and vein I see,
Each finger tip expressing love and song.
While reverently I touch them, echoes throng;
The words these hands have wrought cry out to me
If soul met soul afar through the pure eyes
Of Beatrice and Dante, surely here
The soul meets soul in the close clasping hands
Of lovers such as these. Though alien skies
Their dust may part, their spirits are as near
As palm to palm, bound by affection's bands.

THE CHURCH IS CLOSED. WHERE SHALL I PRAY?

(Written during the influenza epidemic)

Thou hast thine own still temple. Enter there;
And bow before the hidden shrine in prayer.
Ask the great Healer in His tenderness
The sick to cure, the minist'ring to bless;
Pour out thy grief into His unseen ear,
With faith that He will understand and hear;
That in His all-wise way He will reply
To each desire, each supplicating cry.

Thy sanctuary with the open door,
Wherein thou canst for help and strength implore,
Was never built by human art or skill;
T was wrought for thee by the Eternal Will.
As near as God is in man's hour of need
Is the soul's temple where He giveth heed.

THE TOUCH

To touch His garment's hem and feel a power
  Strong and insistent surging through and through
  Body and soul,— healing and making new;
To stretch out feeble hands, and in that hour
To gain by love and faith the mystic dower
  Which 'mid that thronging crowd came to so few;
  To drink long draughts of God's own rain and dew
With face upturned to him, as drinks the flower.

"Who was it touched me?" Yea, dear Lord, 'twas I;
  Behold what thou hast done in my sore need;
  I walk, I see, I hear, I understand.
O great physician, joyful is my cry,—
  I follow thee where'er thy footsteps lead
  To pour thy virtue on a thirsty land.

FRUITION

Together now after long years they lie
Where stars look down and moonlight shadows play
Upon their mounds,— hers fresh with ferns and bay,
And boughs from her home trees that moan and sigh,
"Alas, that one who loved us so should die!"
Close by his side she sleeps both night and day,
While the life-spark that sought its heavenward way
Throbs in some sphere beyond the human eye.
O sweet fruition of her every hope,
Flood her new path with perfect joy and light;
O friendly saints, enfold her with a love
Transcending mortal dreams or earthly scope;
Let her not heed the tears that blind our sight,
Lest pity for us mar her peace above.

ENCIRCLED

What shall I do that I may rise in worth
And so deserve the love you give to me?
The jewel set within your gold should be
More precious than is yielded by my earth;
Of purest lustre there should be no dearth;
The stone your heart imbeds in its warm sea,
Where it is held so close and tenderly,
Is but a pallid thing of tears and mirth.
Yet now, encircled by your love, it grows
Into a gem that feels, that prays and yearns
For a perfection which may swiftly rise
To suit its faultless setting. Ah, it glows!
Behold your jewel, how it flames and burns!
O Love, dear Love, the worthless in me dies.

WAITING

The student lamp is lit, the fire is bright;
A hushed expectancy pervades the place.
Will she not come and let me see her face
Shedding like moon and stars she loved soft light?
Will she not join me for a while tonight,
Shall I not hear the swish of silk and lace,
As in she glides with her remembered grace
To sit with me and talk or read and write?
The door is open wide,— we watch and wait
For her swift noiseless step, the room and I.
What new pursuit holds her estranged from me
And quiet fireside peace so long, so late?
Is it the wind that moans, or her low cry?
Is it the rain that knocks so piteously?

DEADENED DEPTHS

Have I at last new strength from losing thee,
  Was life too sweet and was the dream too bright,
  Too flooded with thy emanating light?
Blinded by thy dear personality,
Sank I too far in love's bewildering sea?
  Now in the dark and silence of the night,
  After the lonely struggle and the fight,
Up from the deadened depths comes God to me?

Some hand is leading through the fragrant flowers
  Where birds still sing familiar matin songs
  Heard long ago without the minor strain.
These tears upon my face are April showers,
This tenderness that to the heart belongs
  Is God creating power out of the pain.

IN SAN ONOFRIO

Within the little church upon the slope
  Of Rome's Janiculum dead Tasso lies;
  Above his grave sweet prayers and incense rise;
And from the painted window Christ, our hope,
Imparts a light with which no shadows cope.
  The sun-suffuséd arches glow like skies;
  O Tasso! is not this your paradise,
Or is your heaven a realm of wider scope?

In prayerful hush the saints and angels dream;
  Saint Anna and the reading Child are still;
  Celestial peace and holiness are there:
Oh, it were well to find across Death's stream,
  After a life beset with direst ill,
  This heavenly calm on-stealing unaware!

ANTINOUS

Antinöus, of all the gods the last
  In time's long lustre-imaged line art thou.
  To thee no more Egypt and Hellas bow,
Nor on thy altar lotus garlands cast:
Not all the splendor of thy noonday past
  Awakes Italia's once sacred vow.
  No votaries have the immortals now;
And high Olympus looks at earth aghast.

Fair hero-god, flowerlike in sacrifice
  Thou gav'st thy bloom for Hadrian's delight;
  Sweet beauty, youth and joy, with thy last breath,
Were gifts thy glory to immortalize.
The greater gods are dim;— but radiance bright
  Streams from the love-lit pathos of thy death.

IN PISA'S BAPTISTRY

God does not often grant to mortal ears
  The music of his angels. Yet I heard
  It once — in Pisa's baptistry; — it stirred
My trembling soul to unrestrainéd tears.
Not all the harmonies of after years
  Can ever compass by rich note or word
  The ecstasy that was so late deferred,
The song where joy in rapture disappears.

It was at first a simple chord that rose
  From happy hearts of men; but, caught above
  Within the circling dome, it swept and rolled
In waves of tenderness to realms of those
  With starlike wings; they voiced it with their love,
  Until it grew too pure for earth to hold.

THE NATIVITY

So many years they waited for the hour,
  So long ere the annunciation came,
  Which gave one maiden the most sacred fame
That ever woman held,— the tender power
To be the stem to bear the holy flower
  Of Nazareth; — how sweetly it became
  The wondering Mary! Other gifts are lame
When placed beside this mother's precious dower.
  If some grew weary watching for the star,
  And lost their hope because the night was late,—
  Clear were the songs of those who saw its birth,
The joyful ones who followed it afar;
  Enriched with love and peace was that fair date
  When first the Child shed light upon the earth.

PELLEGRINA

A. L. C.

She sought and found the best the world could give;
Climbed to the summit where choice spirits live;
Tasted old wines in vineyards where they grew,
Drank from their ancient fountains waters new,—
Current as pure and bright after a thousand years
As Petrarch's spring of unforgotten tears.
The gleam that lures man on from sea to sea
With reverent joy she followed steadfastly.

Inward illumination gave her sight
A range more swift and far than earthly light.
Wisdom and love companioned all her way.
O sacred zone, whither I turn to pray,
What songs are thine with Pellegrina there,
Welcomed by kindred souls of beauty rare!

THE SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

Thou Saint of the Impossible, I bow
Before thy holy shrine in my great need;
My supplication thou wilt surely heed,—
Thy pitying ear will listen to my vow
When other saints are stone. And thou, O, thou,
Seeing my hidden wounds that ache and bleed,
Wilt grant the miracle, perform the deed,
And I shall be made whole, I know not how.

Mind said, "It cannot be," and lips said, "No,"
But, God! the wish intenser than the pain,
Urging my groping feet from shrine to shrine,
With none attending to my grievous woe,
Until at length my loss is changed to gain
By thee, the last within the sacred line.

AN OLD PATRIOT

Where he had been
And would have gone again,
Battling for right and truth
And Liberty,
Lacking not will and zeal,
But youth and strength,
He sent his sons,—
Brave patterns
Of their heroic sire.
Gladly he gave them all
For the great cause
Of justice for humanity.
Calm in his sorrow,
Proud in his sacrifice,
Patriot, great lover
Of his native land,
Fighter until the end
For human weal,
His loyalty and fortitude
Add glory to our flag.

THE SPANISH WAR CRUSHED

Bright are the meadows of fair Runnymede
  With roses of six hundred years ago,
When the brave Langton by his righteous deed
  Immortalized the spot for friend and foe.

New England goldenrod of Portsmouth shore
  Shall blossom down the ages fresh and sweet,
Since one strong man, the bold Saint Theodore,
  There crushed the dragon, War, beneath his feet.

AMID THE SLAIN

All night the brook is singing,
Singing to me,—
Not the old sweet wonder song,
That made a child of me;
For I am aged by the brooks of blood
In a world that cradled me.

All night the forest whispers,
Whispers to me,—
Not the long loved secret words
That thrilled the heart of me;
For I am dazed by the roar of guns
In the woods across the sea.

All night the moon is shining,
Shining on me,—
Not with once fond happy light
That soothed the griefs in me;
For I am pained by the mangled shapes
That the saddened moon must see.

All night the stars are watching,
Watching o'er me,—
Not with the cold far off gaze
That used to trouble me;
For they hang low o'er the valiant dead,
And they companion me.

All night the hills encircle,
Encircle me,—
As the unseen arms of God
Enfold and quiet me;
And I fall asleep amid the slain,
Sure of France and Victory.

ALL SUCH

A mother knelt beside her bed;
  She heard the soldiers pass.
With trembling lips, and heart that bled
  To her the homing mass
      Brought grief, alas!

Her children waving their small hands,
  With wonder watching saw,
Not those she sent to distant lands,
  In tearful pride and awe,
      At call of war.

The oak was green that now is brown;
  The road grows still as death,—
By her close clinging, they bow down;
  All such, Christ gently saith,
      He comforteth.

THE POPE OF PEACE

No more the ancient Tiber leaps his bounds
  To make a Venice of the Roman streets;
No more his raging waters like bloodhounds
  Sniff the high altars where his prey retreats.

Yet bowed with grief this tragic hour as then,
  Helpless a pallid pope beholds a flood,
Unleashed and hurried on by maddened men,
  Inundate hearth and shrine with human blood.

Rivers of gore unite to swell the stream;
  His faithful are submerged in many a land;
Felled is the lofty turret of his dream,
  And prayers stay not Mars' clenched and cruel hand.

With broken heart the gentle Pope of Peace,
  A saint, a man of sorrows and of pain,
Cries unto Heaven for pitying release,—
  Pierced by the thorns of Prussian greed of gain.

While louder roars the torrent in its quest
  For strife and spoils,— mocking at Peace on Earth,
Death leads him tenderly away to rest,—
  His miserere drowned in war's wild mirth.

"CARRY ON"

A Mother During the Boston Parade of the Yankee Division

My sons were killed at Saint Mihiel
  And yours at Toul, you say;
While hers are marching safe and well
  With the Yankee lads today.

Yet in the spaces ours are there,
  Noble and tall and straight,
With other valiant youths so fair
  Slaughtered by Prussian hate.

You say you cannot see your dead;
  Mine smiled at me just now,
Each wears an aureole 'round his head,
  And a star upon his brow.

Transparent is the helmets' rim,
  Their stars are large and bright;
No face is stern or sad or grim,—
  Their eyes have an eager light.

Our dead have come; they all are here
  To join in the jubilee.
They give their message, bugle clear: —
  Carry On for humanity.

IN A SYRIAN VINEYARD

I worked in my own vineyard;
My grapes were ripe for the harvest.
I had planted my vineyard with care;
I and mine had enjoyed its rich fruit.
Unmolested we had quaffed our sweet wine;
But the day came, alas! when my vines
Were not for me and my loved ones.
Our throats are parched with thirst,
Our mouths water for the luscious fruit
That hangs in gold and purple clusters.
We gather our grapes in sorrow;
The labor of our hands is accurst.

A German guard with cruel mien
Now keeps my vineyard.
For him and the Prussian
My grapes shall become fermented wine,
Maddening and incensing the ruthless Boche
To deeds of shame.
Should I eat but one grape of my vines,

Death were swift from the soldier, whose mission
Is murder and hate.
How long a shadow the Hohenzollern casts,
Reaching and covering my Syrian vineyard,
My quiet enclosure,
Remote from the crash of war

And from the field and trench of blood!
Far, far the awful specter stalks,
Destroying peace and happiness.
Back to its own it shall glide
Carrying woe;
Grappling, writhing, twisting and coiling,
It shall at length strangle itself and its own
In the relentless embrace
Of uncontrolled rage.

THE GUNS

I was nerveless and soft and weak
    Till I heard the guns;
A coward was I, and a sneak,
Naught but the scum of the earth,
With neither merit nor worth,
    Till I heard the guns.

I was deaf to honor and right
    Till I heard the guns;
I skulked like a thief in the night,
Blacker than hell was my soul,
But now it is white and whole,
    Since I heard the guns.

Men shunned me in every street
    Till I heard the guns;
Girls mocked at my shambling feet;
But now as I march away,
They cheer, they weep, and they pray,
    Since I heard the guns.

It seemed like the voice of God
When I heard the guns,
As a child 'neath a father's rod,
I came out ready and fit,
Furnished with brawn and wit,
When I heard the guns.

THE SERVICE OF CONSECRATION OF COMMUNION PLATE

Given to the 302d Artillery, U. S. N. A., in King's Chapel, Boston, January 20, 1918

In solemn silence at the altar rail
  Our men in khaki humbly bow today;
To God, whose Fatherhood can never fail,
  For inward light and strength and trust they pray.

From newly consecrated plate and cup,
  They taste the bread and wine, in memory
Of Christ, who bade his chosen ones to sup
  With him, and said, "Do this remembering me."

Brave youths are here, whose lips are purified,
  Touching the sacred emblems at this hour.
May they go forth exalted, without pride
  Of arms, but lifted up with heavenly power.

When "over there," far from this chapel's peace,
  They take communion from the selfsame plate

Amid war's tumult, may they find release
  From strife and discord, bitterness and hate.

May they be strengthened for that highest call,—
  To crush the serpent, inhumanity,
To make with sacrifice freedom for all,
  To fight for Peace, and die if need there be.

OUR HEROIC DEAD

Your boy is dead, you say;
His star has set, you think.
Playing at War's fierce game,
His soul has crossed earth's brink,
And all is dark today
For you, except the link
Of love-wrought, sacred flame
That circles 'round his name.

You say, "His light is out,"
Dear God! It never burned
With blaze so white and clear,
As when he gladly turned
To face with courage stout,
The glory that he earned
In giving without fear,
The life you held so dear.

A radiance strange and new,
Shall more than moon or sun

Illume your day and night.
No shrapnel, sword or gun,
No rain or frost and dew,
Can quench the spark begun
On honor's lofty height,
Where shines eternal light.

Thus our heroic dead,
By sacrifice have made
Perpetual heirs of those,
Who swift and unafraid,
Like him who lately bled,
Afar fling death's grim shade;
And hold the mystic rose,
Peace, born of Freedom's throes.

A BLIND SOLDIER'S QUEST

To a Red Cross Nurse

I never saw her face,
I never touched her hand;
I am not of her race,
But from the Sunrise land;
Yet I have known her long,
And I have loved her well;
And I would sing a song
My thought of her to tell: —

Thou spirit, zephyr, music, balm in woe,
Where flowers of youth lie bleeding, torn and crushed,
With incense on thy wings thou fliest low,
To lift thy fainting brothers from the dust.

To cannons' roar,
To flash of fire,
Thy sense is sealed;
Breathes evermore
Thy one desire: —
BE HEALED, BE HEALED.

Thou with the cross blood-red,
Seeking among the dead,
Dost find those who rejoice
Whene'er they hear thy voice.

Though I am of the East
As she is of the West,
And I of poets least,
Yet dare a groping quest,
To sing of her afar,
Who fills my lifelong night
With radiance of a star,—
Her unforgotten light.

BOMB AND BELL

Blind eyed ruin stares at me
In the shattered little town;
Bloody tracks of butchery
Follow, follow, up and down:

Wounded men and skeletons
Clutch in horrible embrace;
Broken limbs of infant sons
With foul corpses interlace.

Cellars under gaping walls
Swarm with scared humanity;
Grandams, children with their dolls
To the deepest shelter flee.

Temple, altars, rent in twain,
Mary's statue and our Lord's
Crumble, soaked with blood and rain,
'Neath the hate of German hordes.

Hushed the bombs.— The temple tower
Stands amid the wreck and woe;
And its bells, at evening hour,
Call to worship, chiming low.

Then the desolate and sad
Pray for France and victory;
Hope awakes — and life grows glad,—
Cheered by long loved melody.

"TOUT VA BIEN"

Glad mothers of strong men,
Proud of your fearless sons,
Dipped in fire is the pen,
That writes home, "All is well."
'Mid deadly shot of guns,
'Mid battles, fierce as hell,
Dipped in fire is the pen,
That writes home, "All is well."

Wives of heroic men,
Fathers of wounded sons,
Dipped in blood is the pen,
That writes home, "All is well."
'Mid deadly shot of guns,
'Mid battles, fierce as hell,
Dipped in blood is the pen,
That writes home, "All is well."

Sweethearts of dying men,
Young brides of War's young sons,

Dipped in tears is the pen,
That writes home, "All is well."
'Mid deadly shot of guns,
'Mid battles, fierce as hell,
Dipped in tears is the pen,
That writes home, "All is well."

A CHILD'S FLAG SONG

Our flag is a bright banner
Of red and white and blue,
With shining stars for every state,
The old amid the new.

O proudly we salute it
A waving in the breeze!
Our flag is a bright banner
On many lands and seas.

Our flag is a bright banner;
It calls for love and work;
From duty, honest truth, and right
It bids us never shirk.

Our feet are quick and eager;
We run, we climb, we hear,
Our flag is a bright banner
To loyal hearts most dear.

It blows and waves its message
Of brotherhood and peace: —
Help flags to intertwine with me,
Until all wars shall cease.

WAR NEWS IN A FRENCH COTTAGE

What is the news, Marie, today
From our boys on the border line?
Last week the fight was fierce, they say,
And our dead a hundred and nine.

What is the news, Marie, today
From our adored Alsace-Lorraine?
Vive la France! from Metz to the Bay
Shall echo, and echo again.

What is the news, Marie, today
From dear Paris and Sainte Chapelle?
You will be married there in May,
When Jean comes home, and all is well.

What is the news, Marie, today
From my Gaston, Louis and Paul?
I seem to hear the shrapnel play
Around their heads, yet miss them all.

What is the news, Marie, today?
Child, my child, you are pale like death!
"God help me, guide me! Mother, pray!
Jean called my name with his last breath.

And there is more of news today,—
Your sons were brave, and we have won.
Vive la France! Vive l'Armée!
You gave my brothers every one."

A RED CROSS AIRDALE

Good-by to my home and street,
To Bruno, Laddie and Mate;
The drums have begun to beat,—
I'm off! I cannot be late.

The marching of men I hear,
The hoofs of horses afar.
Don't cry, little master dear,
I'll fetch you a shining star.

Soon, soon I am on the plain
Of carnage, of shades and death.
Where all night amid the slain
I seek for the living breath.

White faces under the sky,
Cold lips that utter no sound,—
The soldiers in thousands lie
Where I go my wistful round.

With groan and moan and prayer,
With caress and smile and tears,
Great lovers of dogs are there,
At the close of youthful years.

Shrapnel and gas and smoke
Mingled with curses of men,—
Where was I when I awoke?
Did I save a life,— and then? —

Far, far away in a van,
They bound all my wounds in white.
They called me a hero, a man,—
Said I was brave in the fight.

AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

Deep is the night,
Starless the sky,
Cannon and silence greet.
Deaf are the dead,
Mute are the birds.
Absence and presence meet.

Love far away,
Oceans between,
Eyes of my heart can see.
Lips long unprest
Are warm to the touch;
Naught holds my own from me.

Spirits of good
Hover about,
Making the darkness bright.
If from war's hell
Such radiance shines,
Peace may blind with her light.

MOTHERS OF SORROW

Mothers of sorrow,
Silent and tearless,
Mothers of grief,
Smiling and brave,
The babes of your breasts,
The sons of your hearts,—
The men of the hour,—
You give them, the dauntless
Young soldiers of light,
With earth lease so brief.
Silent and tearless,
Mothers of sorrow,
Smiling and brave,
Mothers of grief,
You stand by unflinching
While demons would rend
The fair bodies you love,
Would drain their red blood.
God! what a part,
To give them so gladly,

To send them so proudly,
The Nations to save.
Mothers of sorrow,
Silent and tearless,
Mothers of grief,
Smiling and brave,
Only the stars can
Sing of your worth,
Mothers of sorrow,
Mothers of grief,
Who give of your best
The Nations to save.

A PATRIOTIC SONG

France, England and America,
In solemn pledge are bound
To rid the world of Prussian rule,
Wherever it is found.

From North and South, from East and West,
In wrath at shameful wrong,
The allied host goes forth to war
With prayer and battle song.

Together as one man they march
To meet the cruel foe;
Together as one arm they strike
The sure and crushing blow.

No mountain, river, sea or sky
Can keep them from the way,
That leads from discord into peace,
As leads from night the day.

No shrapnel's hail or cannon's roar
Can check the fearless tread
Of young America and France,
Where Belgium's heart has bled.

The steady thrust of English blade
Will never cease or tire
Until the earth is purified
Of German lust and ire.

Then forward march to victory,
Brave sons of Freedom's light;
With God and honor for your shield,
Fight well for truth and right;
With God and honor for your shield,
Be heroes in the fight.

ANOTHER ROAD

Little girl at the old stone gate,
Why are you watching the long white way?
"Father is coming. The troops are late;
But they'll march home at the close of day.

Mother told me to meet him here
After the final victory;
Dying, she whispered in my ear:
'He will be looking for you and me.'"

Little girl with the sunny hair,
O little girl with the morning eyes,
Sometimes they keep them over there;
France holds them under her friendly skies.

"But he will come after the fight,"
Dear child, he has chosen another road,
Shining with sacrificial light.
It leads to the angels' fair abode.

NOTRE-DAME DE REIMS

The shadow of a cathedral haunts a world
That loved her ripened beauty ere hatred hurled
Red bolts of horror, rending the flower-like stone,
Blinding the radiant eyes, and making to groan
Altars long sacred with incense, praise and prayer.
Maimed is the temple that human skill and care
Wrought faithfully in reverence year by year,
Reaching that perfectness, to true art so dear.
That man may remember alway her bright past,
That no dull forgetting come or first or last,
The shadow of her glory shall never cease
To trouble the heart, and give it no release
From valorous wrath at outraged purity,
And scorn of those who raped God's sanctuary.

THE BATTALIONS OF GUARDS OUTSIDE THE FOREST AT NIEPPE

How They Saved Forty-Eight Hours for the Allied Army

Ready, unflinching, swift at the call,
The chosen, the few — young saviours of France,
They stand on the edge,
And welcome the foe
With blow upon blow,
Through forty-eight hours
Of blood measured length.
Fighting like demons,
Falling like heroes,—
Fearless, exalted
Mid carnage and death,
As holding at bay the thrust of the Boche
They save the day,
While France gains her strength.

OUR AMBULANCE NURSE

She cannot sing great songs,
But little ones, O yes!
She calls her every act
A nothingness.

But, God, the smile she gives
A burdened heart to cheer!
And when we sadly weep
She sheds with us a tear.

She lifts the fallen crutch,
She guides the groping feet;
She makes hard, bitter ways
Seem strangely soft and sweet.

For us she is the moon,
For us the warm sunlight;
Our star in every cloud,
She makes our darkness bright.

MON FILLEUL

Across a vast cold sea
I reach
To touch his hand.
Across a wide wet field,
Mid gas and flame and shell,
I reach
To touch his hand.
My fingers feel dead faces,
Mud and blood and flowers.
They find
The long deep trench,—
My poilu's hidden home.
Half masked he sits and smokes,
And writes
His thoughts to me.
Across a cloud of fire
My hand has touched his hand.

HARVARD'S ROLL OF HONOR

In Memorial Hall, Cambridge

The World War and our home wars
In solemn silence meet;
Old heroes and sons' sons
At call of bugle greet.
Together here, a glorious band,
On Time's fair honor roll they stand;
Through sacrifice forever young,
In hymns of praise forever sung.
Nations, for whom these died
At life's bright morning tide,
Because they bled for you,
To God and man be true.

TWILIGHT AT SAGAMORE HILL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Immortal stillness holds the sacred place;
A glorious sun has crowned a precious day,
Whose hours from dawn until the starry end
Grew always more mysteriously bright
And pure. Adown earth's way to heaven's deep,
Like to a mighty river, regally
He swept, with largess for the thirsty fields,
Which blossomed when his benediction fell
In showers on them. All things were more true
That caught the fearless music of his voice,
That felt its tender, pitying undertone,
And woke to know the love which fired his soul.
Many a listening far-land thrilled to hear
The notes that pealed from morn to eventime
Richer and fuller when his noon had passed:
A towerlike faith in God and man arose
Within the throbbing hearts now turned to deeds
Diviner than of old before he sang.
Undaunted on his widening course he moved

Amid fierce tempests, chanting solemnly
Of truth and right, his loyal guiding stars.
Calmly he reached life's ebbing, floodless tide
In such a twilight as doth bless the world.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

During the Draft
1918

The Questionnaire is a thing of life,
With ear for music and poetry;
Its English cuts like a sharpened knife;
But soft are the sounds of Italy.
Her son's response is sweet and low:
"*Si, Signora,* I gladly go
To fight for *il re* or the president;
O proudly I go as my father went!
All my body and soul I give — and more —
For the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolore."

PREPAREDNESS

During the Great War

To Mrs. Barrett Wendell

Like angels ministering
You did your part;
Unfailing, watchful,
Ready for the start.
At urgent call
Of sudden need or stress,
Your swift response
Was winged with helpfulness.

A CARRIER PIGEON

In France

A throb, a struggle —
An escape
From the firm hand relaxed
Of him who leads
A million fighting men.
An upward flash
Of iridescent wings,—
A small far cloud
Fast fading from the sight.
And who can say
How soon — how late
The carrier dove
Will seek the hand
That set it free?
And who can say
How soon — how late
It will return
With answer
To the message sent
From fort to fort?

YOUR FLAGS AND OURS

Let them wave in the winds together,
    Your flags and ours;
Let them travel long leagues together,
    Your flags and ours;
While your sons and ours are marching,
While your sons and ours are fighting,
While your sons and ours are serving
    God and humanity.

    Over the top together,
The Stripes and the Stars and the Cross
Of England, of France, and of us;
    Through gas and shell together,
    Through blood and death together,
Let our banners touch each other,
Let our flags be bound together
    In victory and peace.

WHERE FOCH CONDUCTS TO VICTORY

Foch strong of will, unswerving, masterful,
Well girt in shining armor of clear mind,
And soul aflame with loftiest vision,
Leads forth the valiant sons of France to war.
Stern duty frets them not, for loyalty
To their dear native land and to their guide
Makes discipline and sacrifice delight.
Priest, poilu, poet,— a vast rank and file,
March side by side, leaving loved hearth and shrine.
Above the rhythmic tramp the Marseillaise
Heartens the women at the farewell hour,
Inspires the men with an exalted zeal,
Awakens ancient fires of Liberty,—
Their great inheritance from a great past.
Much have they to remember of old wrongs;
While fresh revenge for recent cruelties
Impels with urge unconquerable to crush
The beast that gnaws at all humanity.
And wisely led by him who shows the way
To an ennobling peace, the sons of France,

With song and prayer, go forth triumphantly
To fight the foe. They heed not pain or death;
They laugh at danger, gladly following
Where Foch conducts to glorious Victory.

THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE CIVIL WAR

Upon the Loyal Legion's marching file
Of grisled warriors, whose deep wounds and scars
Have glorified our sacred Stripes and Stars,
God in his heaven looks with kindly smile.
Not long is weary tramp of mile on mile;
The field is near, men, where no war-cloud mars
The shining peace, and where no foe debars
The brave and true from resting arms awhile.

Proud youths, with blood of these immortal sires,
Inheritors of valiant deed and word,
March on! Keep bright the Loyal Legion's line
With battle-torches lit in holy fires.
May no heroic action be deferred
That proves the branch is worthy of the vine!

THE SHAW MEMORIAL

By St. Gaudens

On Beacon Hill, Boston

Youthful, erect, calm as a god he rides
  Forward to glorious death or victory;
  Him and his dusky rank and file I see
Together as one mighty will that guides
The purpose of a land where love abides;
  Unswerving rider, horse and men are free
  To march through fire and sword for Liberty.
What though grim death in awful waiting hides!
It may not drown the tramp of loyal feet
  That ever onward move with steadfast course;
  The rhythmic, thrilling sound shall never cease,—
Up countless years its echo sad and sweet
Shall be a holy and inspiring source
  Of brotherhood's triumphant joy and peace.

SHALL WE FORGET THE WAY?

To win a cause deemed by us hardly right,
  To heap prosperity with lavish hand
  Upon the markets of our native land,
While our loved star of honor shines less bright,
And Liberty's famed torch yields fainter light,—
  Is this the summit where we long to stand?
  Is this the mountain top, so high and grand,
To which our fathers climbed by day and night?
Shall we no longer cherish noble deeds?—
  The pattern left us from the worthy past;
  Shall we forget the way our feet should go?—
The path forever green with scattered seeds
  Of Liberty, Equality,— and last —
  Of Peace, sweet Peace! with which all hearts should glow?

AMERICA'S AWAKENING

I know not why she slept beyond the dawn
  Into the noon and trumpet-closing day,
  Dreaming of peace. Wrapped in her flag she lay
Through hours of stress, until the second morn;
Then she awoke — a creature newly born —
  Unfurled her star-wrought shroud, and let it play
  In the fierce gale, unsheathed her sword whose ray
Fired her great soul in the old lofty way.

An eagle leaves her nest, and skyward soars
  Showing her offspring their untravelled road;
  America, by long inheritance,
Moves fearlessly where martial thunder roars
Aroused at length, en route, no more to brood,
  She trusts her sons to Honor's kindling lance.

ITALY

The soul of Italy is like the star
That shines above yon Apennine afar,—
Envisaging today the ancient fire
Of reborn Freedom's fetterless desire.
Her fervent hope, her solemn pledge and vow
On hearth and altar, find fruition now,
Her lands long unredeemed at length are free,—
Burst are the bonds of hated tyranny.

Her slaughtered sons' red blood and flashing sword
Have wrought anew in battle heat the word
Long cherished — Liberty. In sacrifice
Her offerings like sacred incense rise;
And never setting either day or night
Her soul, a star, glows with immortal light.

HUMANITAS

Not for the pride of arms, nor in base greed,
Nor with the hope of an exalted name,
Do we unsheathe the sword with blade aflame
For action; 'tis the strongest, clearest creed
For which Columbia's valiant sons will bleed;
The love to brother man, of sacred fame;
Christ taught it while he healed the sick and lame;
And shall woe at our portal vainly plead?

If blood be spilled that steadfast calm and strength
May enter in where war and tumult rage,—
If a new dawn illume the earth and sky
With light of Peace, from hearth and shrine at length,—
A fervent land shall pray that God assuage
Her grief at death for wronged humanity.

AFTER THE FIGHT

(Somewhere in France)

Half crazed from aching wounds, I crawled with care
Into a sheltered road, white with late snow,
At day's last hour, when the warm western glow,
Made trench and battlefield surpassing fair.
Venus alone, the evening star, was there,
Leaning from heaven, towards earth, so far below;
While o'er the dead, harmonious and slow,
Night spread a quiet pall like silent prayer.
O Nature, mother, how thy tenderness
Eases the piercing pain. Thy whispered love
In twilight, cooling breeze, and open way,
Soothes like some nocturne's choral, and doth bless
Me with its calm. How I am borne above
War's tragic unrest by thy peaceful sway.

A HERO OF THE AIR

In the Toul Sector
June 2, 1918

Fearless and young he cleaves the upper air,
  Seeking the foe on swift and warlike wings,
  And while he soars a battle hymn he sings.
A lark in grace with pulsing soul most fair,
An eagle in his strength of will to dare,
  His life all purposeful he gladly flings
  On honor's height with martial offerings,
Heroic Faith and Love with Death to share.

Fierce in his wrath at cruelty and wrong,
  Tireless in service for humanity,—
  Winged like an angel for the highest flight,
His spirit sails above the earth time song
And fragrance, world time strife and agony,—
  It calmly sails — into Eternal Light.

ADJUSTMENT

If at the front so valiantly men fought
For righteous peace and precious liberty,
Giving their lives, may we not hope to see,
Under the olive branch, all that they sought,—
And more? Deeds by the love of brothers wrought,—
Minds made by common-sense and reason free,
Old hatreds gone, gone greed and rivalry,—
All nations one in harmony of thought.
Oh! not the flash of arms, but the sane fire
Of wise adjustment come to every race,—
Spurring world warriors to the battlefield
Of self-restraint,— dredging the human mire
Of blood and lust, transforming every place,
Till earth's racked depths sweet flowers of concord
yield.

IN HOSPITAL AT TORQUAY

Wall flowers are sweetest under English skies,
Beneath the windows where soft zephyrs blow
To fan the wounded men, whose pain and woe
Make them unmindful, like the lad who lies
With parted lips and upward staring eyes.
From cot to cot the fragrant breezes go,
Till one fair youth, shot by a ruthless foe,
Murmurs, "Home flowers, England," ere he dies.

Waft not home winds these rising souls to thee,
Dear God, like incense from an altar fire?
Art thou not there to let them quickly in
To a new life of service, wide and free?
Surely, these seek and find their great desire,
For they through sacrifice have lost all sin.

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

On hearing a lecture by V. Blasco Ibañez.

The grim Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,
Their wild race done,
Are restive in a world of waking hope.
A fifth mad steed, with rider fierce and bold,
Is champing now his bit,
And pawing all the earth —
In hot desire to crush and kill
The early shoots of budding Peace.
Both horse and rider
Wear a small red flower
That stains, if touched,
With blood.

WAR MEMORIALS

A tree, a stone,
A church, a bridge,
A star, a cross,
And flags,—
O valiant ones
Who seek today
Adventure still and far,—
What is there now
More fitting than a tree —
A strong young tree —
To keep your memory green?
A tree that sings
Of home and youth,
Of love
And loyalty;
A tree that has its roots
In cherished soil,
A tree whose branches
Wrestle with the storms;
A tree that makes an altar

For the sun, and knows, dear lads,
Even as you must know,
The thrill of life,
The urge of growth
And struggle,
The peace of jewelled night,—
And the wonder of awakening
To find the Morning Star.

IN YPRES

O little wayside cross alone,
And crosses grouped in twos and threes,
Sadly war's tragic tale you tell
Of homeless, loveless death,
Afar from kindred smiles and tears.
Were God not love,
What solitude were there,
In Ypres where heroes fell.

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